

Twilight

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Twilight

> <meta name="Generator"> Twilight

Hello all. This is the first time I've submitted anything I've bothered to write. Let me know what you think good or bad. I'll respond to feedback anyone sees feel to provide.

Just to avoid being sued: Gargoyles don't belong to me to they belong to Disney, but if they had half a brain they'd bring them back so people like me would have better things to do with their time.

This takes place a few days after the events of 'Hunter's Moon', and is told from Elisa's (My personal hero) point of view and completely ignores The Goliath Chronicles. Not that I have anything against the series but let's face it, there was something missing.

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It's been a while since I've been back in the building.

The city has been turned upside down in the past week and I know there's still a lot of questions to be answered but right now that's now that's not my concern. After working 10 days straight, I've finally managed to convince Captain Chavez I need a full night off. Granted, I had to promise to work the next three holidays without complaints but I know it will be worth it and I plan to make the best of my time off.

The security guard gives me a deliberate stare as I walk over and press the call button for the private elevator. He knows better than to question my presence here in the building but I can tell he wants too. Generally speaking, the only time a cop comes here is to

question or arrest one of its occupants.

I have to force myself not to sick my tongue out at him as I step into the elevator when it arrives.

Tonight it's a social visit.

I have a lot of time to make up for.

I stand alone, with my hands jammed deep in the pockets of my red bomber jacket, waiting for the elevator to make its way up to the very restricted, and very secure, upper level.

The city has been in an uproar since the bombing of the 23rd Precinct and the subsequent arrest of two of the three Hunters. Only Jon Canmore remains on the loose and it's only a matter of time before we pick him up. Once that's behind us, maybe things will get back to normal.

Normal. It's a strange word now since my life is anything but normal.

As doors open, I step out in the massive room better know by those living here as the Great Hall. It still cracks me up sometimes to look, much less stand, in the place. The walls are covered in medieval tapestries and decor is from an ancient time gone by, but at the same time there is a security setup Fort Knox would be jealous of and closed circuit cameras scan the building inside and out. Beneath it all, there is a low hum from the massive generators that keep the Castle running.

It's a bizarre mix of the gothic and Star Trek.

My footsteps echo slightly as I walk through the room. Owen Burnett walks out of one of the many offices and gives me a barely perceivable nod as he goes about his business, not even stopping to question why I'm there.

I guess the times have changed.

In spite of what the citizens of New York think, and a lot of that depends on which papers and tabloids you choose to read, they are still something of an urban myth. Sure we made some arrests and after the bombing of the 23rd, people were more willing to believe they don't exist, but I know it won't stay that way for long. It's human nature to be curious and a lot of people are wondering why I'm not leading the charge.

But that's Matt's job now, and I'll be happy if they remain just that, an urban myth.

For the time being, I think they're safeâ€¦ and I don't have to share them with the rest of the city.

Except with David Xanatos.

OK, so I don't 'share them' per say, but they are back living in their ancestral homeâ€¦ which happens to sit on top of the Eyrie Building, home of Xanatos Enterprises, and in-turn, owned by David Xanatos, self made billionaire.

If I took Xanatos at his word, life will be fine.

But I don't, so I guess things haven't changed that much.

No matter what, the man still irks me and not without good reason. He's managed to manipulate and tear apart the very fabric of everything I stand for. He abuses a system that was designed to protect the innocent and exploits it until it benefits the guilty, meaning him.

But it isn't just the professional aspect that bothers me since there's a personal irritation that goes right along with it. He's booted them from their home, tried to destroy them more times than I can count, experimented on humans, my brother included in order to create his own master race, and teamed up with every possible scum in order to achieve his own personal agenda.

Some of those liaisons have fallen about two steps short of killing off the entire city.

Don't get me wrong, I can't say I'm not thankful that he showed up when he did. Who know what might have happened if he hadn't? But one act of selflessness can't atone for two years of hell and believe me there was a lot of hell.

It's a package deal, which means if I want to see them, I have to deal with him. I'm having problems with the whole predicament because I don't trust the man as far as I can throw him.

But Goliath does.

So I guess I have to live with the situation.

But it doesn't mean I have to like it.

I make my way through the enormous room until I come to the staircase that will take me to the upper battlements of the castle. The wind is blowing slightly as I walk out, a cool breeze generated by the sheer height of the building. I flip up my collar to ward off the chill and take in a deep breath, something I wouldn't dare try and do down in the city.

I guess there is something to be said for living up in the clouds.

The afternoon heat is fading away making room for evening.

This is my favorite time of the day, the fleeting moments between day and night, the time of twilight.

He sleeps alone up here and as I lean over the side of the wall I can see six more stone forms on the lower battle mounts.

Below I can hear the sounds of urban life; traffic, street music, the occasional police siren. I've spent nearly all my life in this city and still it amazes me. I hop up on the wall and swing my legs over the edge, careful not to loose my balance.

I lean against him and place a tentative hand against his still form.

He feels warm under my fingers and for an instant I pretend the warmth I feel is being generated by him and not the heat of the day.

I love watching him sleep.

When they lived in the Clock Tower, I would go up there and talk to him while he slept completely oblivious to my presence. It was the only time I could tell him what I was feeling without having to admit the truth. It always seemed like there was a good reason not to say anything. He'd said it best once before to me, "He would protect me, I would protect him, and together we would protect the city."

I always kinda figured that was the extent of things between us.

He's my best friend, he's never let me down, and I can't count the number of times he's come after me when, in his opinion, I'd gotten in over my head.

He's not the most brilliant individual on the planet but he's thoughtful and intelligent in his own way; firm, caring and has the somewhat annoying tendency to think with his heart rather than his head.

When the Guardian came, things got tricky for awhile. All that time on the skiff, seeing the world, finding his daughter, and learning the Clan lives and there are other Clans all over the world. ¦ It was a lot to take in but in the end it all worked out for the best.

After Avalon there was no more denying how I was feeling but I'd like to think I did a good job of avoiding the subject.

Looking back, I know we came close to talking before about the changes in our relationship in the past but one of us usually me always found a reason to change the subject. I just tried to pretend it was one sided, a crush, an infatuation a dream.

He's devoted to the Clan and would die to protect them.

His dedication of preserving the 'Gargoyle Way' has always been a major factor in this 'New World' and maybe that was what troubled me so much in the beginning. The continuation and survival of the Clan has always been dependent on other gargoyles.

I shiver slightly, not because of the breeze, rather from the thought of the Clan's continuation.

We have rarely, if ever, spoken of his past life with his Angel of the Night.

Demona.

It's a sore subject for him, but for some reason and for the longest time, I couldn't put the thoughts of the two of them together out of my head.

Maybe that was the problem.

Then Puck came along and threw quite the wrench in the mix. Turning me into a gargoyle, for however brief a period, gave meâ€œ hell both of usâ€œ a glimpse into what was really going on between us.

A possibility, a chance to dream, but at the time and in I my mind it was never going to be.

I'm not a gargoyle and he is.

On the other hand, his last love was a gargoyle and I know from first hand experience how well that worked out.

I try not to focus on the obvious problems, but it's hard sometimes. This city might be accepting of a lot of things but I have to wonder if even this might be pushing it.

I also wonder if I have the strength that he has? The Pack, Steel Clan, The Hunters, Xanatos, and even attempts by Demona have yet to daunt his spirit.

He still sees the good where I tend to have suspicion.

I look out over the city. The sun is dipping lower to the horizon so it won't be long now. I swing back around and hop off the wall to wait. I step back as not to be showered with coarse sand and shale when he wakes up.

Strangely it was the Hunter, Jason Canmore, who made me face the truth. Yeah he's smart, good looking, handsome even, someone I could bring home to the family. My parents would have been thrilled with him. Someone from whom they might get grandchildren that wouldn't be flying all over the house zapping the dog and I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel something when I kissed him.

What I felt was the fact that he wasn't Goliath.

That's when I quit lying to myself and now I can't imagine my life without him.

I am pulled from my own musings by the hum, not of the generators, rather the hum in the air. The jumbled sounds of the city can still be heard in the distance, but just above the din, there is a crackling sound, like paper being wadded up.

I suck in my breath and watch in wonder.

I was wrong earlier.

This is my favorite time of the day.

It's as if the air is charged with electricity and suddenly there is a small controlled explosion. Below, the roars are simultaneous and almost deafening as they came to life within moments of each other. With eyes blazing and mighty wings stretching out, the sky is almost obscured.

The echoing roars are fading out, only to be replaced with their voicesâ€œ clearly happy to be awake and alive.

But there is only one voice I'm concerned with.

He stretches out his wings as the last of the stone skin falls away.  
He's unhurried, almost deliberate, about turning around.

He knows I'm here.

Slowly, he does turn and I feel my heart skip a beat.

"Elisaâ€|"

His voice gives me goose flesh as he speaks my name, but all I can do is stand there. It is the first time I've seen him since the morning Iâ€| weâ€| kissed.

Hoping down from his perch, he walks over and I find myself moving to him.

His smile is gentle as he places his talons on my shoulders, "Such a welcome sightâ€| It has been a long timeâ€|"

"Not that longâ€|" I slowly wrap my arms around his waist, "But I've missed you Big Guyâ€|"

The words come without thought or hesitation and I know it's the truth. I have missed him.

I feel warmth, but this time I don't have to pretend it's the heat of the day because I know it's him. He pulls me to him, wrapping his wings around me, making us one.

I realize now it doesn't matter if I have his strength.

I have his heart as he has mine.

And in the end that's all that really matters.

End  
file.